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PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUCK



THANKSGIVING 1905

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Gibson's "Record" Rye

Try *Gibson's*



WHILE THE USUAL COLLECTION IS TAKEN UP.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
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PUCK
No. 1499 WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1905
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IF THE "Shaw suppressors" would perform a public service, they will next turn their attention to the Hon. Leslie M.

HARK! Is that a pebble rattling round in a baking powder can? No. It is Charlie Murphy in the shoes of Richard Croker.

CHAIRMAN SHONTS of the Canal Commission says that dirt will begin to fly in earnest by July first next. The mud-slinging has already begun.

THE CANAL MEN want a clubhouse and the canal commission has agreed to furnish it. The Home for Superannuated Ditch Diggers can be built later.

THE TEMPEST in the Cabinet tea-pot having subsided, the Washington correspondents now know that the "Roosevelt gag" is not to be strapped too tight. The right of the President to preserve the secrecy of the Cabinet is recognized by the newspaper men, while the latter may be given "any proper information" touching public business that develops in the various departments. In other words, the correspondents are entitled to all the news they can get.

INSURANCE COMPANIES—life, fire, and accident—are not at present hustling for new business in Russia.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT has dispatched fifty-three Malta goats to Connecticut. These are the goats used by the Knights of Malta in initiating candidates.

THAT IS a merry item, forsooth, that about the Beef Trust. The government is afraid it will fall down in its case because "Commissioner Garfield obtained his information" on condition that the packers should be immune from punishment. That, at any rate, is what the Packers claim, but why they speak of punishment is a mystery. One would think they had been accused of something. Mr. Garfield reported, you remember, that the Beef Trust really had a tough time of it, that its row was hard to hoe, that it did business almost at a loss; in conclusion that we should deal gently with the packers lest we wound their feelings. Talk of "information" and "immunity" is puzzling.

WE ARE rejoiced that President Roosevelt is to help save Niagara Falls. The American family and the human race in general can take care of themselves, but the falls need outside protection from the grafter and the vandal.

BUT WE never did like it, and we like it less to-day than ever.

—*The Evening Post.*
In case there be a stranger among us, we credit the above to *The Post*. As a rule, we are opposed to superfluities.

SECRETARY SHAW is disposing of various interests, that he may "give all his time to politics." Really, is politics worth such a tremendous sacrifice?

MY ADVICE to every young man is, Do not be discouraged. I had many refusals, but I did not give it up.—*Rockefeller*.

No; Mr. Rockefeller's whole life has been heroically devoted to making the rest of us give up.

FROM THE Helsingfors viewpoint it's a Finnish fight.

"MANUEL GARCIA," says Mme. Dove Boetti, "is the greatest living vocal teacher." So? Thought he made cigars.

BARBER SHOP reform is rampant in Germany, one of the severe regulations being that a barber must wash his hands before attending to a customer, instead of waiting, as is usual, for a shampoo.

A CLEVELAND clergyman declares that Mr. Rockefeller has the greatest mind in the world. The celebrated Triggs ranked him above Shakespeare. Fortunately most people are not of the opinion that the human mind is a cash register.

A NOTABLE remark, and worth preserving, that of Ohio's Governor Herrick: "The principles of Republicanism are eternal, because they stand for truth, justice and progress." Unfortunately, however, Republicanism stood so steadfastly for other and less desirable qualities that the voters of Ohio declined this year to stand further for Republicanism. No one claims, as far as we know, that "truth, justice and progress" went out of business with Cox.

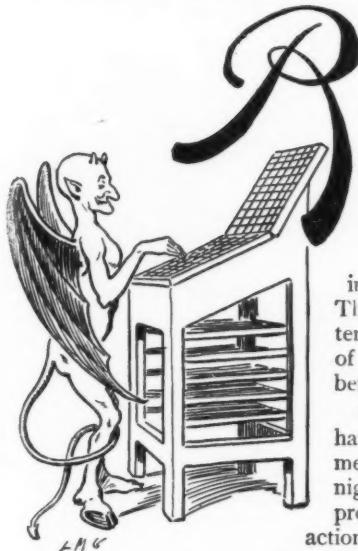


PRACTICING?

"John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie have been elected members of the Philharmonic Society." —*News Item.*

PUCK

NOTES FROM THE HADES HOTBLAST.



AIN is badly needed, hereabouts. Our esteemed Ruler is in St. Petersburg on a business trip.

The sixteen-story annex to the Life Insurance Presidents' Retreat is being rapidly pushed to completion.

The man who designed the Pullman sleeping-car arrived in our midst last week. The poor devil was sentenced to spend the rest of eternity in an upper berth.

Our leading citizens have called an indignation meeting for next Monday night in Asbestos Hall to protest against the rumored action of the Chicago council in passing a resolution to include this community in Chicago city limits. They say that Hades is bad enough, already.

The Musicians' Union after prolonged investigation has decided not to admit Nero to membership. It has been shown that during the conflagration in Rome he fiddled forty-three hours overtime, for which he received no extra remuneration. The rights of the Union must be protected.

Lucrezia Borgia entertained with a carbolic-acid tea yesterday. Lucrezia does love to keep her fine Italian hand in, and nothing delights her more than to poison a large assemblage of friends. Well, we are all immune down here, Lucrezia, so go as far as you like.

"Torrid Topics," our weekly journal of society, has suspended publication by the decree of our esteemed ruler. Satan says there are some things that even Hades can't stand for. *A. D. Pratt.*



WHY NOT?

TRUST MAGNATE (to Kindergarten teacher).—Good morning, Miss. I would like to borrow several of your dullest pupils. I'm going over to Jersey to form a new company and may need a few directors.

THE NEGATIVE BLESSINGS.

NOW, on this day of gratitude And thanks expressed, let's surely not Forget, with others, to include Some thanks for things we have n't got.



A THANKSGIVING DREAM.

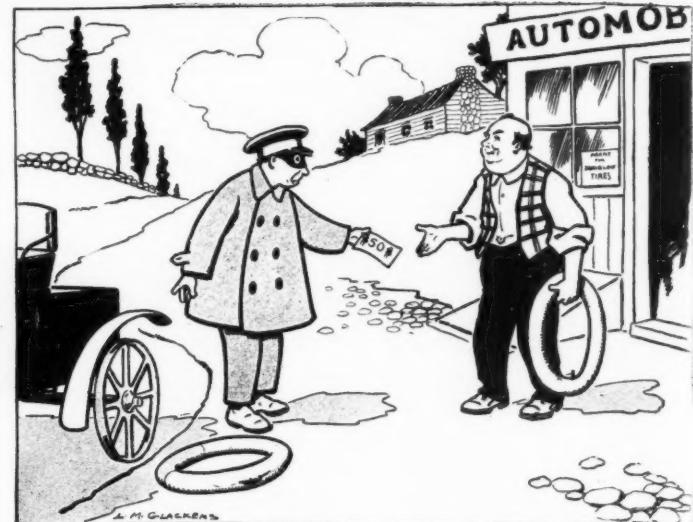
CHORUS OF PLYMOUTH GHOSTS.—Vain and sinful man! How dare you boast of your Puritan ancestry?

Money makes the mare go, but it often takes a mortgage to run an automobile.

A TALE OF A TIRE.



PART I.—BLOWING IT OUT.



PART II.—BLOWING IT IN.

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF RAH-RAHS.



SAY matriculated in the college in our town,
With a little bunch of rahs-rahs in his throat.
He was n't up on class-room rules, but had the gridiron's down,
And a little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
He wore a dinky little cap, so jaunty and so neat,
You could hear his gaufy sweater as he sauntered down the street,
And likewise hear the rainbows that he wore upon his feet,
And the little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.

In all athletic branches he essayed to do a stunt,
With his little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
He'd sure have made the 'leven had he not been such a runt,
With his little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
But he never missed a football game, and my, how he could root!
The girls around him could n't hear a locomotive toot;
He had a horn, a megaphone, a cow-bell and to boot
That little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.

Where'er he went the people knew he was a
college boy
By the little bunch of rah-rah in his throat.
It made his heart exultant bound in mad,
unbridled joy—
That little bunch of rah-rah in his throat.
To run a team without his aid the coaches dare
not try,
He roused the brave eleven when he gave his
fiendish cry,
But in the class-room not an answer ever did
get by
That little bunch of rah-rah in his throat.

You'd think the cigarettes and pipes he smoked
would suffocate
The little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
But such an end was not to be, though quite as
sad a fate
O'ertook the bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
'T was just before Thanksgiving Day the great
misfortune came,
He caught a cold and grew so hoarse he scarce
could speak his name;
Oh, was n't that an awful thing, to sit clear
through the game,
Without a single rah-rah in his throat?

Ernest W. Raper.

DON'T think, however, because people are too polite to express their doubts when you are lying to them that you have certainly got them fooled.

It is true that in romance the packs of cards are greasy and well-thumbed, but, on the other hand, the bills are crisp and new.

CIVILIZATION.

SEVEN thousand husbands annually deserting their wives in Manhattan, or New York the Less, illustrate one of the great difficulties which civilization has to meet with in its progress upward.

Women, owing to their cloistered life, are not touched with the *Zeitgeist* as promptly or as profoundly as men are, and the result is, they lag behind, as it were. So it comes about that seven thousand wives are still crude enough to wear their wrappers all day, while their husbands are already too refined to endure this, and flee the sight of it.

Recourse to the machinery of justice is pretty much futile. These subtler sentiments evade the coercive measures of the positive law. They are like the ether, which the chemist tries to catch and hold, only to find it passing freely out through any walls he can construct.

ANGELS' visits might not be so few and far between if we made them feel more at home when they came.



MOTHEATIN'.

MRS. MOTH (*firmly*).—No, Willie, you must decidedly can *not* have another moth-ball. One is quite enough for little folks, even at Thanksgiving.

PUCK

THE ANIMAL-STORY WRITERS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION.



THE convention was called to order by President Ernest Thompson Seton, who gave a graphic sketch of the work done by the organization in the past year. Mr. Seton pointed out that in the twelve months 3,916 animal stories had been printed in the magazines, the business and political types of story being left far behind. He declared that writers of animal stories are doing incalculable good to the rising generation, and read a letter from a school-teacher in Schoharie County, New York, saying that her pupils never ran away from school to go fishing or hunting any more, as they preferred to remain in the school-room and read magazine stories about animals. This statement was greeted with tremendous cheers from the assembled writers.

The first part of the programme was to have been a debate between William J. Long and John Burroughs on the question "Is the Snail a Pacer or a Trotter?" but unfortunately the freight train carrying most of Mr. Long's notes was ditched and the number had to be postponed another year. Mr. Burroughs volunteered to fill in the time, however, and delivered a thoughtful article on "Why Does a Dog Turn Around Before It Lies Down?"

W. A. Fraser read several chapters from an unpublished novel entitled, "Sarah, the Simpering Sage Hen." A western writer present criticised Mr. Fraser's statement that sage hens eat grasshoppers, and a warm debate ensued. A committee of three was appointed to find out definitely whether sage hens eat grasshoppers, and to make a full report at the next meeting.

Charles G. G. Roberts read some selections from his new novel, "The Autobiography of a Dinosaur." Mr. Roberts explained that he had written stories about all kinds of living animals and had run out of raw material, so he was forced to turn to antediluvian times for a subject. Prospectuses of Blank's magazine, in which his new story will appear, were distributed after the author had finished his reading.

Rudyard Kipling, who had been invited to tell how he wrote his Jungle Stories, sent word that he had found more to write about in motor cars, steamships, engines, airships and other inanimate things than in animals, and consequently he must hand

in his resignation as a member of the Animal-Story Writers' League. His resignation was accepted with regret.

Sewell Ford, who is held responsible for the renaissance of the horse story, delivered a masterly essay on "The Origin and Development of the Horse Laugh."

Ernest Ingwersen opened the second day's session with an article on the relative blindness of bats and moles, and during the day the following papers were read by well-known writers of animal lore: "How Long Can a Hell-Diver Hold Its Breath?"; "Pathology of the Case of the Cow with the Crumpled Horn"; and a short story, anonymously contributed, entitled "Stabbed by a Porcupine, or a Tragedy of the Woods."

The meeting was closed with a general discussion on the question of making the animal story more popular, and it was voted to form an Animal-Story Writers' Union, with the object of setting prices for manuscripts and widening the field for this form of fiction. An attempt to limit the working (writing) day to eight hours was met with determined opposition and voted down. The

Union, however, will insist upon an increased rate of wages, the present rate of 15 cents a word not being sufficient to maintain, so the Union claims, the American (lit'ry) standard of living. Extra pay for animal dialect, prehistoric or modern, will also be insisted upon, when the Entertainment Committee of the Union waits upon the publishers. A. C.



SOMETHING TO DO.



LOCAL FORECAST.

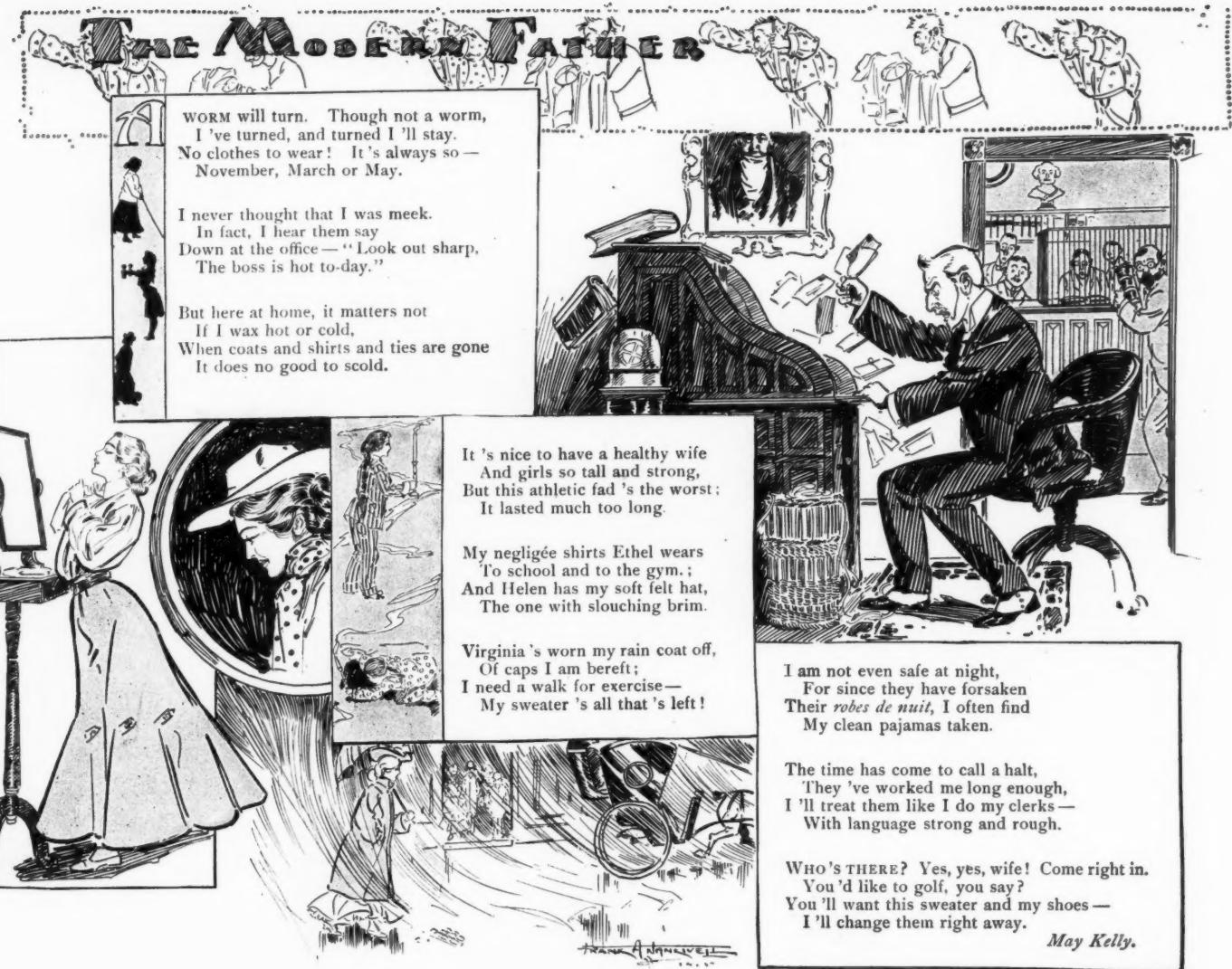
FAIR AND CONTINUED COLD.

FACE.

THEY are saying she will marry to save her face. Whatever do they mean?

"Well, naturally, she may expect not to be kissed so much after she is married."

A LITERARY AGE is where "it might have been" has to yield precedence to "the editor regrets" as the saddest words of tongue or pen.



THE HOME BARKEEP'S GUIDE.

BY DEACON HOSTETTER.

IT is the first duty of the Home Barkeep, every morning, to set the medicine cupboard to rights, with the various bottles of sarsaparilla, liver tonics, soothing syrups and vegetable compounds in plain view. He should then wash and polish his glasses, fill the sugar bowl, peel the lemons and slice the fruit. This done the kitchen blinds should be raised, that the village constable may have an unobstructed view. At 10 p. m. the front door and the family entrance should be closed promptly and not reopened unless some member of the family is taken with a pain during the night.

SEWING CIRCLE PUNCH.—Use a tea-kettle Mix, per glass, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful sugar, a thimbleful of lime juice, and a jigger of jagsparilla. Fill with ginger pop and stir with a knitting needle.

SILAS SWALLOW.—Mix: $\frac{1}{2}$ well roasted or baked apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful sugar, a jigger of Dr. Killemquick's Vegetable Tonic. Fill with hot water and serve in a tall, straight sanctimonious glass.

BLUE RIBBON BRACE UP.—Mix: 1 jigger Hostetter's Swamp Root, 2 or 3 lumps of ice and a dash of Bok's Bitters. Serve in glass decorated with a blue ribbon.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.—Use a teacup. Mix: half a lemon, teaspoonful sugar, and a jigger of Lydia Jinkham's Life Saver. Fill with hot water or ginger ale and sip slowly.

THAT old one about the yacht and the sailor hat may still be true, but it's a safe bet that the people you see reading automobile magazines are no mere pedestrians.



A SUPERB DEFENSE.

MANAGER JACKAL (of the *Jungle University* eleven).—We're going to let "Quills" Porcupine play half-back this afternoon.

MONKEY '08.—I hear he's a mighty dangerous proposition.

MANAGER JACKAL.—Well, he never gets sat on more than once during a game.

After all, the man who exercises the most grateful self-restraint is the one who could have told us so, and didn't.

THE FEAST OF TURKEY.

THURSDAY.
Roast Turkey.

FRIDAY.
Roast Turkey, Warmed Over.

SATURDAY.
Sliced Turkey, Cold.

SUNDAY.
Turkey Hash.

MONDAY.
Turkey Soup.

TRACKED DOWN!

At my suggestion that the wreck on the New Haven road, in which nearly two hundred persons had been killed, was the work of train robbers, Sherlock Holmes smiled scornfully.

"My dear Watson," said he, "the perpetrator of this fiendish deed had a deeper motive than robbing. Hatred of the railway company was the underlying motive, and the question is, what creature in human form could so hate this corporation as to be blind to the appalling loss of life which his deed would involve?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "You believe, then, that the guilty man must be —"

"A commuter!" finished Holmes triumphantly.



NEPOTISM.

STRANGER IN NEW YORK.—For Heaven's sake, who are those ridiculous kids?

ELLEVATOR STARTER (*in insurance office*).—Sh-h-h! That's the Eighth Vice-President and the Tenth Assistant Actuary going in to draw their salaries.

THE EXPERT.

"**I**s Buckingame a good hunter?"
"Good? I should say he was! Why, the last trip he was on, he bagged a guide that had been out with city men at least a dozen seasons."

HEIGHTENING.

WHY does a kiss intoxicate?
The philosophy of this is,
One fizz will set most people up,
In a kiss there are two phizes.

CIRCUMSCRIBED.

"**Y**ES, but — ah! — all this talk about graft and corruption in the big life insurance companies —?"

"Amounts to nothing, my dear sir — absolutely nothing!" returned the suave solicitor. "It is entirely confined to the press and the people."



THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

DRAMATIC NOTE.

MR. ARNOLD DALY, encouraged by the success of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," is planning a dramatic version of "The Decameron." Dr. McAdoo, the painless extractor, promises to pull it.

HYMENEAL.

"**A**t one wedding announced for the near future, there are to be thirty-four bridesmaids, all members of the bride's class in college."

—Item of Society News.

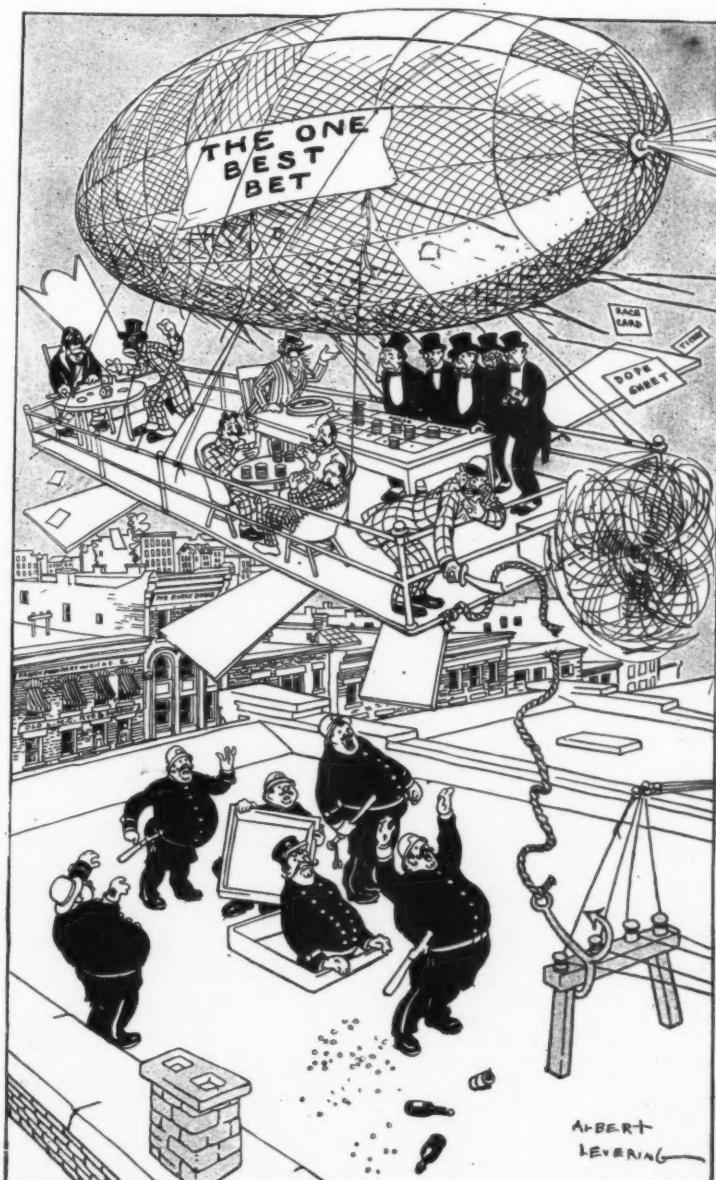


Diagram showing Progress of Bridal Party.

The dotted line indicates the ground gained by the bridesmaids. The letters A, B, C and D show where the mob of uninvited women got the bride on downs.

The uninvited women had the beef, outweighing the bridesmaids at least ten pounds, but they lacked the science. The bridesmaids, as the rector remarked after the ceremony, were a heavy bunch. On all sides their line-bucking was pronounced the most consistent ever put up in that church.

It was a snappy wedding from start to finish, but clean. There was almost a complete absence of slugging.



THE FUTURE GAMBLING JOINT.
WHEN THE RAIDERS ARRIVE, CUT THE ROPE.





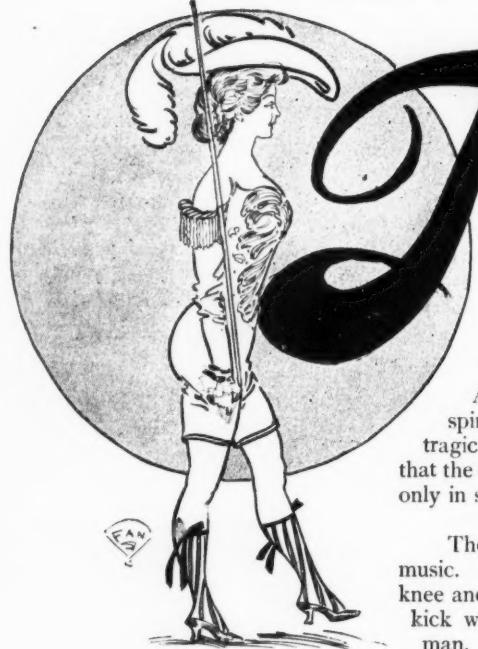
THANKSGIVING TRUCE.

—Here's hoping that when next we meet, we see you first.

PUCK

SLAVES OF CUSTOM.

THE LOVER WHO WOULD N'T DO.



inspiring smile. Let us now hasten to

SPOT I.

The lady was keeping time to the music. She did it by bending her left knee and making that funny little six-inch kick with her right foot. She saw the man. The fire of a grand love burned in his eyes. The lady smiled a coy,

SPOT II.

The café lights cast a soft, rosy glow about them. "Come," said the man, "and be my wife."

"No, no, no!" breathed the lady, fighting desperately against temptation. "It is impossible; you are not a college student."

"I know," groaned the man, "but I come from a good family. Dearest—"

"Do not tempt me," she sobbed. "I really love you, and that is obstacle enough. Who ever heard of a chorus lady marrying for love?"

"But my family is rich," protested the man.

"Rich, yes," she wailed; "but they are respectable and law-abiding people—they do not go into society or harbor an automobile. And, besides, I love you so devotedly that it would kill me even to think of a divorce. And I must remain loyal to the traditions of my profession."

He was silent. The bitter, bitter truth was slowly crushing him. Suddenly his face brightened with new hope.

"Darling," he murmured, "perhaps all is not lost. I have plenty of wealth in my own right. And I will promise to let you chew gum."

"Don't, don't, don't," moaned the lady. "You make it so hard for me to do right. I know that you are rich, but you did n't inherit your money; and you can't make yourself out the scion of a prominent family living on an allowance which may be cut off because of a misalliance. Then, too, you did n't make your money on Wall Street, and you are not a rich western mine owner—dearest, I can't, I can't, I can't! You are impossible."

HERE was once a beautiful young woman, who insisted on being called

a lady. She sang in the chorus of the "Shah of Shawville" Company, and exclaimed "Hurrah," "Here he comes, girls," and "Oh," when everybody else did. The members of the troupe thought her queer because she had never told a reporter that she expected to become a star some day.

Also, there was a man. The inspiration which is responsible for this tragic account of blighted love insists that the story of the man's life be revealed only in spots.

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With a piteous cry she threw herself into his arms and together they gave vent to an overwhelming grief. Perhaps they would still be locked in that last fierce hug, had not the waiter informed them that such doings were against the rules of the place.

Sadly they stumbled out into the black night and called a cab.

"If it were not for an iron-clad precedent," she cooed, "I would go home in a car; and I feel almost brave enough to do it—for you."

"This is, indeed, love!" he cried in his misery. "Is there nothing—"

"Slam!" echoed the cab door.

"Giddap!" croaked the driver in a chill, unsympathetic voice.

SPOT III.

In after years that fatal "giddap" reverberated through his dreams and taunted him in his loneliness.

As one dazed he listened to the retreating k-plink, k-plink, k-plinkety-plink of the horses' hoofs beating on the cobble-stones. Then, lifting his clenched fist against the twinkling stars, he hissed:

"Cursed be conventionality!"

Charles R. Barnes.

HIS REASONABLE PRICE.

THE president of the Pyramid Life Insurance Company testifies that his corporation spent \$1,103,920 for legislation," bitterly mused the Hon. Thomas Rott, in the midst of his reading. "At \$10 apiece that means 110,392 legislators! And I did n't get mine!"

A POPULAR CITIZEN.

WE celebrate the soldier boys
And each heroic clan,
But when Thanksgiving season
comes
We hail the Inner Man.

A patriotic chap is he
In proper colors dressed,
Cranberry sauce his red provides
And white the gobbler's breast

Plum pudding gives a flame of
blue
To make the brave array,
And drumsticks always at the
feast
Salute the colors gay.

He comes of Puritanic stock
Whose influence still tells,
For always Mr. Inner Man
Within the pie-belt dwells.

McLandburgh Wilson.

RELIABLE.

JACKIE.—I like Thanksgiving' better 'n any other holiday.

MAMA.—Indeed? Why?

JACKIE.—'Cause it never comes on a Saturday, an' cheatin' us fellers in school out of itself.



THAT GAMEY FLAVOR.

PARSON JOHNSING.—Dis heah turkey has shot in him, Deakin; am he a wild one?

DEACON KETCHUM.—Wal, no—but some o' de shot dat was fired at me done hit de turkey!

Sometimes one is almost tempted to wonder whether the world is really getting better or whether he is merely, with the passage of years, getting accustomed to it.



THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

See the

Taste



The full flavor of Schlitz is unequalled—even in the old world brews.

No barley, no hops, no yeast in existence is better than we use.

Then we double the necessary cost of our brewing to attain absolute purity.

Healthfulness and taste are together in

Schlitz.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded.

Schlitz The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Royal's THE "WHITEST" COLLAR MADE
TRADE MARK
LINEN 15¢ EACH
(ROYAL 49)
SLIP EASY BAND
IF YOUR DEALER WONT
SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US
EMIGH & STRAUB-Dept C.C.TROY, N.Y.

WOODBURY
SOAP CREAM POWDER DENTAL
FOR FACE

Raw fall winds tend to roughen and redder the face skin. Woodbury's Facial Cream applied nightly prevents chapping and keeps the skin and temper normal.
Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations.
The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Licensee, Cin. O.

REMEMBER that kind words never leave scars.—*Chicago Daily News*.

HOTEL SEVILLE

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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
Jac's. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

HAD N'T SEEN IT.

"Have you seen Daubington's chef d'œuvre?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.
"No," replied her hostess, "has he got one? I thought Josiah said he did n't care for any kind but bird dogs."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

THE NATURAL DEVELOPMENT.

"That woman in the next row has a face like a tack-hammer!" he whispered between the acts.

"It's a case of evolution," remarked the Boston lady, sitting next; "she's an awful knocker!"—*Detroit Free Press*.



SOMETHING.

THE DOG (*dismally*).—What have we to be thankful for?
Ten people to dinner and only one small turkey!

THE CAT.—Well, we ought to be thankful we are not the turkey.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

ADMIRERS of the late H. C. BUNNER, former editor of *Puck*, will be delighted to learn that a posthumous sketch by this well-known writer, entitled "A String of Scalps," will appear in the

Christmas Puck for 1905.

The Christmas Puck will be issued on Wednesday, December 6th.

Copies may be had of any live newsdealer, or they will be mailed from this office on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each.

Address PUCK, N. Y.



McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

When the appetite is a "little off" and nothing "tastes good"—try a dash or two of Tabasco on your food. Only be sure it's McIlhenny's—the original—in use half a century. A potent aid to digestion. It makes more palatable—salads, soups, roasts, fish, eggs, oysters, gravies, etc. The housewife will find hundreds of uses for McIlhenny's. Write for book of recipes—sent upon request. McILHENNY'S TABASCO, New Iberia, La.

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Southern Pacific elegant passenger ships weekly between New York and New Orleans. From New York every Wednesday at noon, arriving New Orleans following Monday morning. Berth and meals included in rate.

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Philadelphia, 630 Chestnut St.
Baltimore, 1 Broadway
Syracuse, 129 South Franklin St.

IT'S SO SIMPLE, TOO.

"You say work made him rich?"

"Yes."

"He does n't look like a man who has toiled very hard."

"He has n't. He hired other people to do it. They're still poor."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

HIS JUST DUE.

"See here, May," said Jack to his mannish sister, "I don't mind your inroads upon my haberdashery, but you might at least give me a testimonial letter."

"How do you mean?" she demanded.

"Well, you might say something like this: 'Dear Jack—Since using your shirts and collars I am a new woman.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

IF it were n't for house rent and grocery bills, almost everybody would be able in the course of a lifetime to save up a little money.—*Somerville Journal*.

A CLEVELAND MAN after being dead four hours was revived and will get well. There is hope for Philadelphia.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to The West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.



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RESTORED TO REASON.

SECRETARY (*lunatic asylum*).—Mrs. Sharptongue was here to-day, and wanted her husband sent home and placed under her care.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Did you let him go?

"No. He said he would rather stay here."

"Hum! The man must be sane."—*New York Weekly*.

ONE can make even old Poverty feel rich just by telling Trouble, "Good Morning! Here's a health to you!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

You may feel more cheerful about paying your insurance premium if you will reflect how many people are watching those insurance men just now.—*Indianapolis News*.

TIME ENOUGH.

BURROUGHS.—Say, old man, there was a time when you promised to share your last dollar with me.

RICHLEY.—That's all right; I have n't got down to it yet.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

IGNORANT.

BACON.—He looks intelligent.

EGBERT.—Well, let me tell you he's about as ignorant a man as you can find.

"You surprise me! Are you sure?"

"Certainly, I'm sure! Why he's an insurance company director!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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CHRISTMAS

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FATIGUE.

"Do you think our candidate will do all he has promised?"

"No," answered Farmer Corntassel. "He has had to hustle so hard to get elected that it'll take him 'bout one term of office to get rested up."—*Washington Star*.

MIGHTY POOR ECONOMY.

NIPPINKS.—Why so blue, old boy?

BLIFFKINS.—I tried to economize by marrying my typewriter.

"Good idea!"

"No, it was n't. She refuses to do any more typewriting, demands two servants to take care of her, and insists that my next typewriter shall be a man, although men want larger salaries."—*New York Weekly*.

BEWARE of the flatterer; he always has an object in view.—*Chicago Daily News*.

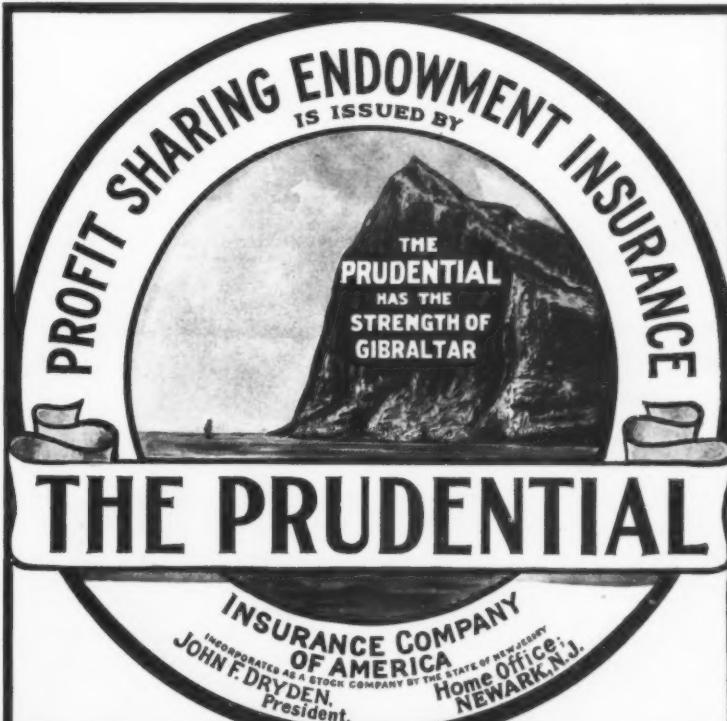


IDENTIFIED.

LORD DELIVERUS.—I don't like your tone of voice, fellah, but it just occurs to me that you are not aware whom you're addwessing.

OFFICER HOGAN.—Well, Oi could n't say fer sure, but from the looks o' yez, Oi should think yez wor a member of the British Cable Chiss Tame.

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.



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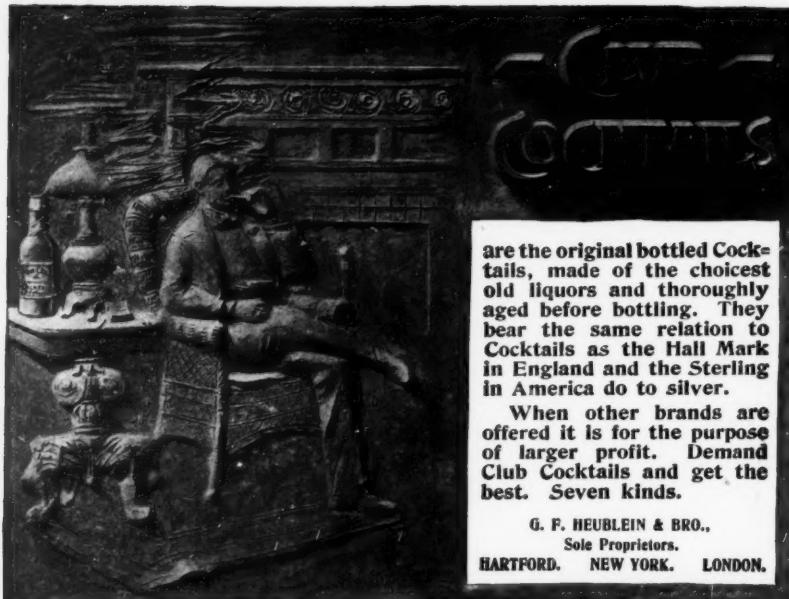
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to any action, I shall be glad
to receive, free, particulars and
rates of Endowment Policies.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Occupation _____ Dept. P.



WORD FROM BR'ER WILLIAMS.

De weather will soon be cold enough for charity ter set by a warm fire an' pity de poor. — *Atlanta Constitution*.

WHEN Diogenes went around hunting for an honest man, could he have found one by holding up his lantern and looking in the glass? — *Somerville Journal*.

Pears'

"There's no place like home," and no soap like Pears.'

Pears' Soap is found in millions of homes the world over.

Sold everywhere.

WHERE DID HE GET IT?

BACON.—He made all his money in Washington.

EGBERT.—And is he rich?

"Very."

"Was he a Congressman or a waiter?" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

SOME women love wisely, but most men are not loved any too well. — *Chicago Daily News*.



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UNINTERVIEWED.

Who is this man of aspect grave
Whose jocund mien was once so brave;
Whose erstwhile thrilling eloquence
Is turned to silence so intense?
Like to some child of nature who
Is valiant and distrustful, too;
Suspicious, 'spite of friendship's proof,
He speaks in signs and holds aloof.
A finger on his lips is pressed,
He views each guest with vague unrest;
His voice he gives a different tone
When talking through the telephone
Lest he by accident should say
Something worth publishing, some day.
Oh, envy not these perils great
Which haunt the leaders of the state!
He is, this man, by cares beset,
A member of the cabinet.

— *Washington Star*.

AN artful dodger is often entitled to more credit than the strenuous hitter.
— *Chicago Daily News*.

WHERE CHARITY FELL SHORT.

"I've heard something simply awful about Miss Highflyer!" exclaimed Dolly.

"Where did you hear it?" Polly asked.

"Why, some one told me at the charity bazaar!" — *Detroit Free Press*.

BEEF PACKERS have promised not to advance prices, but the coal barons are not in that combination. — *Washington Star*.

BRYAN and Togo have met. When they are standing side by side, however, one can distinguish the marked difference between them almost at a glance. — *Indianapolis News*.

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istic blows;
Frenzied prices,
Frenzied books,
Frenzied weddings,
Frenzied crooks.
Frenzied tales of
Frenzied scenes
In the frenzied
Magazines;
Frenzied weather—
I do vow,
Everything is
Frenzied now. ☺

Atlanta Journal.

Scissors are mightier than the sword in the hands of a literary pirate.—*Chicago Daily News*.

It is now reported that the members of the United States Senate will get together soon and invent forty-seven new ways of not doing things.—*Detroit Free Press*.

EVEN though gray is to be the leading fashionable color this season for serviceable wear, we all hope devoutly that the winter skies won't wear it much.—*Somerville Journal*.

PRINCE CHARLES of Denmark seems to have the inside track in the race for the Norwegian throne. No dark horse has put in an appearance and the race promises to be an easy walkover.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

WHILE at target practice a few days ago the gunners of the cruiser Colorado hit the mark forty times in succession. The Colorado appears to be one thing that the innocent bystander needn't be afraid of.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Question How can man best conserve his health and increase his bodily vigor is readily answered by those who drink EVANS' ALE.

The Knowing How is in the drinking.

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All passenger trains of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to and from New York City now have direct ferry connection with **23rd Street Terminal**, in addition to Liberty Street; the South Ferry Terminal having been discontinued.

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All baggage destined to New York City will be delivered to **23d Street** unless distinctly marked "Liberty Street," or otherwise.

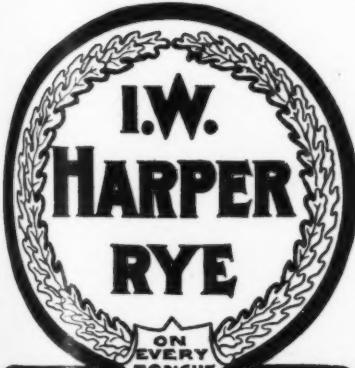
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FORTUNATELY the child does n't realize that he is the father to the man.—*Chicago Daily News*.

By forbidding men to go armed to the polls Kentucky politicians proved that they can draw the sometimes delicate distinction between a campaign and a feud.—*Washington Star*.



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MRS. WOODBY RITER.—What does your husband do for a living?

Mrs. KAUTTON (*haughtily*).—He's an author.

Mrs. WOODBY RITER.—I know; so is mine. But I say what does he do for a living? — *Catholic Standard and Times*.



IN STYLE.

FATHER BUGGE.—I swow, son, yew look some in them new clothes! Whar 'd yew git 'em!

SON.—Got 'em with the trading stamps I saved from the pre-digested insect powder boxes.

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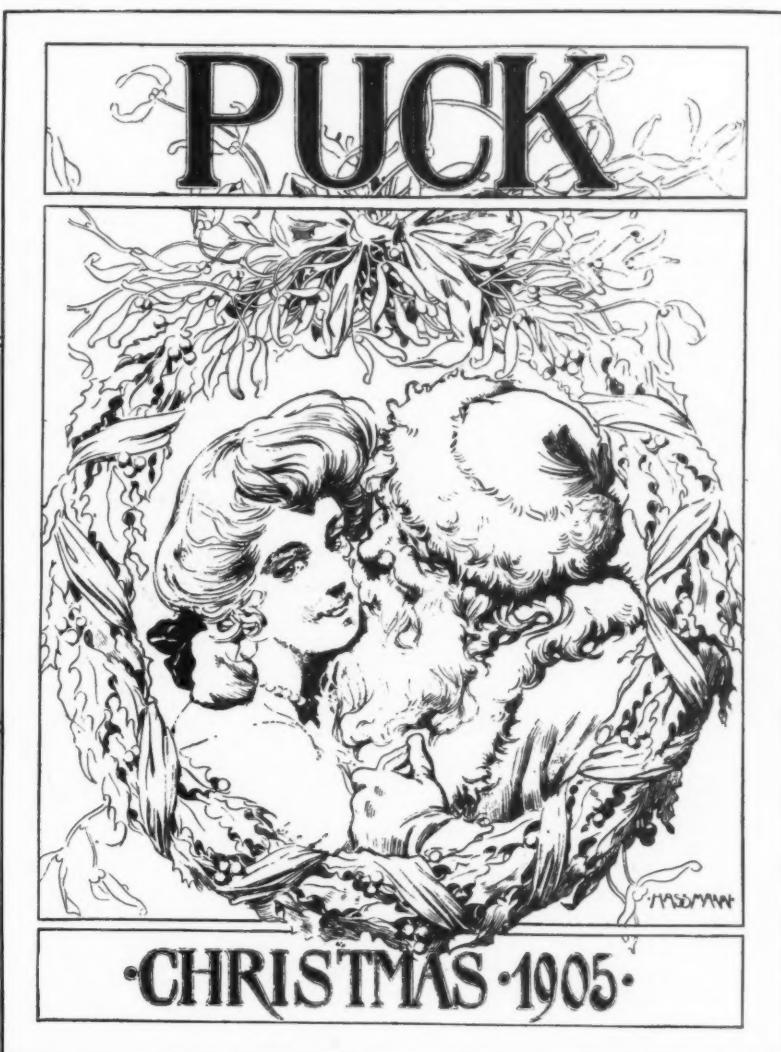
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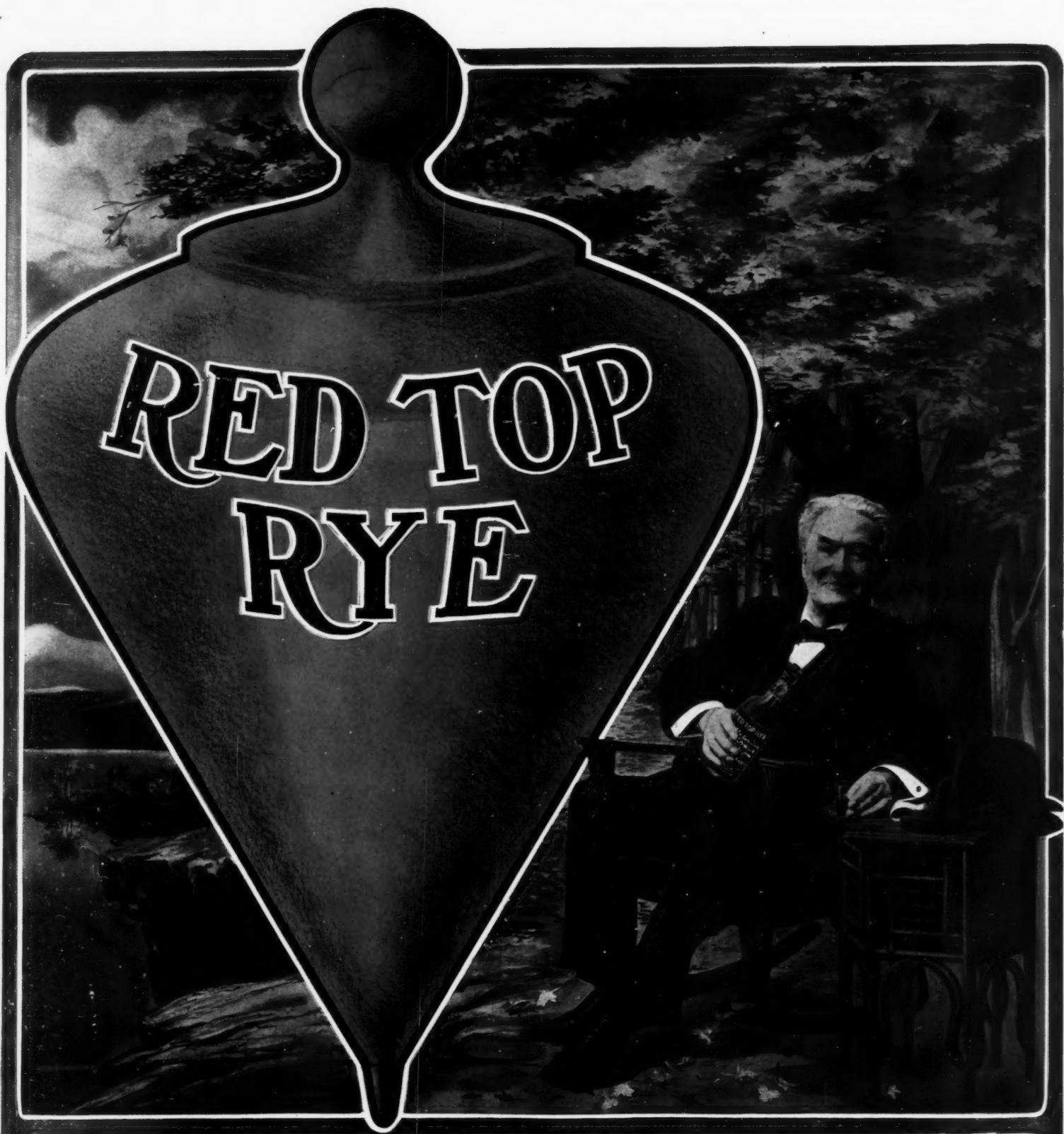
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